

AMATEUR CORRESPONDENT

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
1937



Earl and Otto Binder
Burton C. Blanchard
Sam Moskowitz
R. W. Sherman

Robert Bloch
Sidney L. Birchby
J. C. Sidenius
Jack E. Fry

J. Francis Hatch

AMATEUR CORRESPONDENT

"The Magazine for the Amateur Fantasy-Writer"

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Editor

FRANK S. BOGERT
Advertising

Published Bimonthly

Subscription Rates:
10c per copy
25c per year

Editorial and
Business Offices:
130 William Street
Belleville, New Jersey

Vol. Two September-October, 1937 No. Two

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PROGRESS



An Editorial

THIS IS THE THIRD issue of the Correspondent published under our new policy, and we think it is the one most representative of that policy. We pledged ourselves to the cause of the aspiring writer of fantastic fiction, promised to encourage his abilities by printing his work, if at all worth printing, and lined up for publication articles by well-known professionals concerning certain aspects of fantasy writing, with the hope that amateur authors would find them of some use. Save for the usual article of writing advice, which was crowded out by a surprising influx of amateur material, this issue fulfills our policy in every respect. Five novice authors see their work published, in addition to a larger than usual portion of "fan" material, and the regular department, Hobbyana. You will also notice that Hit 'N' Run has been sizeably expanded, and that several new cuts grace our appearance. Summing it all up, we are of the opinion that this issue is a notable milestone in our progress. And contrary to popular form, we are not going to ask you to pardon us if we seem to brag---for we feel we have a right to.

Of course, we get quite a few brickbats, many of them somewhat discouraging. But it is notable that not one has been received from the writers we are trying to help---that practically all of them come from the hardened fans, who have no sympathy whatever with writing hints and the efforts of amateurs, but who seek only a fan magazine, containing, for the most part, news of fan and fantasy magazine activities. It is obvious that if this element of our reading audience raised a loud enough voice, we should be forced to listen to its demands and turn the Correspondent into a fan magazine, pure and simple. But it is just as obvious that this element cannot raise a voice loud enough to sway us, for at the very outside, *the real fans number a mere two hundred*---a group which could not possibly support a magazine such as is wanted. We must, therefore, cater to the majority by continuing on our present course.

As previously stated, we are doing all we can to help the talented literary unknowns amongst us. It is only fair, then, that you readers who are interested by our efforts should do your part---which is much easier than ours. You can be of great aid if you will take the time to criticise individually the work of whatever writers interests you most. Send your letters to us in care of Hit 'N' Run as soon as you have read this issue. Our authors will be really glad to read them, for what they want most of all is *reader-reaction* to what they've written.

R. W. Sherman and Sam Moskowitz, for instance, would like to know how you rate their skill at composing short articles on phases of the fantasy field. As their two pieces in this issue show, they are well familiar with their subjects, and both seem able to write them up in a very readable manner.

Then, too, Mr. Hatch, who contributes the verse, has high ambitions as a writer of poetry. We printed "The Rood and the Vampire" because we felt that in it was displayed excellent imagination and a surprisingly smooth style. If you agree, a word from you would be highly appreciated by Mr. Hatch; and if you're able to give any constructive criticism of the sonnets, it will be more than gladly welcomed.

In our opinion, Sidney L. Birchby's short short, "The Wrath of Zeus", is a fine piece of workmanship, well worthy of printing anywhere. Do you agree? Your reception of his story and others may well spell success or failure in the writing profession for our writers.

Versatile Burton C. Blanchard seems to have a bright future in store. It doesn't take much to see that he has artistic talents aplenty, and his short story, "The Last Scoffer", compares favorably with any we have ever printed. But *our* enthusiasm or criticism is of little value to Mr. Blanchard and the others in this issue; your reactions are what is wanted.

Before going further, we must explain that there was no July-August edition of the Correspondent. Illness on the part of Mr. Frank Bogert not only necessitated suspension of publication for the summer months but also forced him to resign from his position as advertising manager. After this issue he will no longer be connected with the magazine.

However, it cannot be denied that during the five issues he has been with us he has done wonders with our advertising content, raising it from practically nothing to its present status. His absence will be greatly felt, and unless you readers give your full cooperation by patronizing our advertisers whenever possible, we are bound to suffer---probably even be forced out of existence. And we cannot remind you too often to mention the Correspondent when you reply to advertisements; otherwise, your friendly gesture benefits us not at all.

As to subscriptions, we feel that we can let the low rates speak for themselves, for the most part. Needless to say, subscription receipts count heavily in a magazine of our type, and if they do not come in fast enough at the twenty-five-cent rate we shall be forced to raise it to fifty cents for six issues, reasoning that the majority of those who do subscribe would do so at any reasonable rate. Of course, we shall not take any action of this sort if we can help it; but whether we do or not depends entirely upon how willing you are to support us.

This issue, though long in coming to you, is in our estimation well worth waiting for, giving as it does a definite outline of our policy, as laid before you in previous issues. But we expect our First Anniversary Issue, next month, to eclipse this by far, and those that follow to skyrocket to newer heights. We can go far if you will lend us your confidence and give just a minimum of support---*each of you*.



Please Patronize Those Who Advertise in the Correspondent

The Mysterious Stranger

Unique Fantasy

By

Earl and Otto Binder

JOHN SELBY looked at the speaker in surprise. "What is that you say?" "I say, good sir," repeated the stranger with a nasal twang. "I am sore puzzled---bewitched, I fear---and know not where I am or what strange thing has befallen me. If I may trouble you to tell me where I am----"

"No trouble at all," assured Selby heartily at the apologetic tone of the stranger. "This is Dakin Street, 58 hundred west, Chicago. City limits are two blocks west."

"Dakin Street? Chicago?" mumbled the other blankly.

Seeing him hesitate as though still bewildered, Selby went on with friendlier tones: "If you are looking for some particular family around here, perhaps I know them. Have you their address?"

"Nay, I know no family hereabouts; unless it be the Fairfaxes."

"Never heard of them," returned Selby, shaking his head. "And you don't know the address?"

"Address?" repeated the stranger. "Why, there would be no need of an address if this be Wilkshire. The Fairfaxes are known to all."

Selby edged away from the man. There was something decidedly queer about him---his voice, his manner, his very words. It was dark, and he could not see the man's face clearly. A chill autumn wind whipped about them suddenly; the stranger shivered and pulled a sort of flappy coat about his thin shoulders.

"I'm sorry I can't help you," said Selby, turning to go.

"Please, I beg of you!" the stranger's voice pleaded.

"Well?" asked Selby gruffly. He was becoming impatient. "What do you want?" The man must be a panhandler with a new line. The stranger's next words confirmed his belief.

"Do not desert me," pleaded the man. "Truly I am sadly bewitched, and I am cold and hungry. I---I-----"

John Selby had a warm heart, and something in the fellow's tone touched a soft spot. "Come along, then, to my place. You can have a hot meal and a warm chair for a few hours. I could 'stake' you and let you go, but I know you'd spend it for booze. Rather than have my money go for such waste, I'll take the trouble-----"

He turned with a jerk of his head. The stranger followed meekly, and for a few moments they walked silently along the street. As the glare of a street light drew near, Selby surreptitiously surveyed the panhandler. If he had been surprised at the queer dialect the fellow used and his equally queer real or feigned ignorance of his whereabouts, Selby was actually astounded at the clothes the man wore. Collectively they might be called a costume, consisting of skin-tight trousers, heavy riding boots, a waist coat with frills of lace and ribbon, a fluttery cape that hung from the shoulder blades, and a three-cornered hat. Selby whistled to himself; the fellow must have raided a costume shop!

The house Selby lived in, a brick bungalow, was dark. His sister, her

husband, and their two children had gone to spend the evening at the movies. Selby unlocked the front door and motioned for the panhandler to follow him in. Then he pressed the electric switch to flood the parlor with glaring light. Hearing a gasp from the stranger, he turned to find him shrinking against the wall, pale and trembling, his wide eyes staring at the chandelier.

"What a queer duck!" thought Selby to himself as he led the way to the kitchen after the stranger had pulled himself together. Having fried some eggs and heated a pan of peas-in-sauce for the stranger, Selby watched him wolf the simple meal down as though famished. Judging by the way his staring eyes took in the details of the room, Selby surmised he must be either fearful of something or completely bewildered. Could the man be an escaped criminal? Or a lunatic at large? Or possibly just a pitiful victim of amnesia?

"God bless you, good sir!" said the stranger, arising from the table.

"Don't mention it," shrugged Selby. "Now if you'd care to come into the parlor and take it easy for a few minutes. . . ."

Selby had suddenly made a resolve to find out more about the man. As they sat across from one another in parlor chairs in the soft light of a shaded lamp, Selby switched on the radio, speaking at the same time:

"If you won't consider me too inquisitive, just who are you and how is it you're in a neighborhood you don't recognize?"

The stranger suddenly tensed and again turned ashy as the wailing voice of a crooner, muted in volume by Selby's hand, came from the radio cabinet. Staring at the cabinet, he listened a moment and then sprang to his feet.

"God have mercy on my poor soul!" he shouted. "What land of magic is this? Here am I, Ebenezer Wayland, honest merchant of Boston, now lost in an eldritch land where the sun answers at the push of a finger, and where ghostly voices sigh from wooden boxes! A God-fearing and King-loving man am I, that goes to Mass regularly. What penance is this for a pious man?"

Calming himself with an effort, he went on to explain: "I was on my travels, desiring to see other cities of the Colonies. I remember---I was walking down a lonely road at night near Philadelphia. Friends awaited me to take me to their home. Suddenly, there was a roaring of wind, a howling of demons. Indians were attacking me! I saw an uplifted tomahawk; I fell, groaning! When I regained my senses, I saw you approaching me in the gloom. But the forest, the Indians, the surroundings I knew, had disappeared! And now---good God!---where am I?"

Of course Selby called the Dunning Insane Asylum and delivered to them a shrinking, muttering creature, who answered nothing to the queries put to him, but merely stared blankly and babbled incoherently.

Interested in the case, Selby asked the Dunning officials to keep him informed about their new patient. A week later they called and told him the man had escaped; had escaped from a padded cell, locked and barred!

And when Selby looked for the three-cornered hat that had fallen from the man when they took him away from his house---it too was gone.



May we have your subscription to the Correspondent? It's only a quarter.

ARE WE ADVOCATES OF SCIENTIFIC FICTION?

By
Sam Moskowitz

ALMOST INCREDIBLE to me is the rapid ascent of scientific fiction to public favor---and the resultant degeneration of the thing as a whole.

Only three or four years ago, when I asked for any of the scientific fiction magazines by name---and especially when I used the term, science-fiction---my only response was a blank stare or puzzled frown on the part of the dealer. To-day, to the contrary---and undoubtedly as a direct result of the injection of scientific fiction (or pseudo-science stories, as some editors are wont to classify them) into the juvenile magazines and books---, the term has become a popular phrase and rings familiar to the ears of a large percentage of the public.

Hugo Gernsback and others glibly stated about ten years ago that when scientific fiction became known to the general public, their tastes in the matter would naturally elevate the standard and general excellence of this branch of literature. Unfortunately, the effects of this notoriety have been directly opposite to those expected. The new reading audience has demanded the elimination of what amount of faulty science remained and seeks only pure flights of fancy. There must be no more dealing with facts, possibilities, or theories. Get the hero to the scene of action (you can pick up a heroine almost anywhere) and fire away. What matter if he does use an open airplane in his flight to Mars? Why bother with mere trifles!

And we find that the weird fiction field has been similarly exploited; for no sooner did this type of literature gain popular favor than we had *Doctor Death*, *Doctor Occult*, *Terror Tales*, *Horror Stories*, and other magazines of the like.

Is it proof enough that science-fiction is on the down-grade when Mort Weisinger, one of the editors of *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, personally admits that he has been directed by Leo Margulies to give that magazine a definite juvenile appeal---especially for children from ten to fifteen years of age?

And is it by mere coincidence that certain newsstand magazines, which have never before printed a science-fiction story, suddenly blossom out with many pseudo-science features of low grade?

Yet, even this could be tolerated; but when various magazines with suggestive foretitles, such as *Saucy* and *Spicy*, do the same thing, and in a much more smutty manner, we have about reached the limit of our patience.

I should like to make an appeal to you readers. Which do you prefer---to pick up a comic magazine and find "Speed Jones on the Awful Planet Targo", latest pseudo-science cartoon thriller, or, as you might have done only four or five years ago, to glance through O'Brien's or O'Henry's classification of the best short stories of the year and find listed therein "The Colour out of Space" or "The Dunwich Horror", by H. P. Lovecraft, "Creation Unforgiveable", by David H. Keller, M. D., and possibly half a dozen others? The question is purely rhetorical; the latter is infinitely preferable.

But how in the name of all that is held sacred can scientific fiction ever gain anything while it has as its representatives scientifilms, scienticartoons, and pseudo-science stories? These items have no connection whatever with true scientific fiction, and they should be eradicated from all magazines professing to publish such literature---especially the fan magazines. This can be

done, if you fans will cooperate by boycotting these magazines; if you will refuse to pay to view the horror-packed, mechanically-acted melodramas that pass as "scientifilms", thereby weakening further their already poor box-office appeal; and if you will leave the absurdly childish "scienticartoons" to the juveniles, who are certain to soon tire of them.

Are we advocates of scientific fiction? If we are, let's do something to get it out of the rut into which mercenary publishers are dragging it!

The Last Scoffer

An Odd Little Tale With a Twistful Ending

Written and Illustrated by

Burton C. Blanchard

CLAYTON NEVINS made a visible effort to gather strength. As he inched his head slowly from the pillow, the family, tense, silently moved nearer his death-bed. His lips, tremulously parting, held them motionless as his fragile, quavering voice broke the penetrating stillness.

"We have gone"---his voice broke as he panted with the exertion---"one by one. We were scientists and we scoffed at superstition, even in that chill tomb, so dimly lit by our lanterns."

He lay back, a tremor passing through his wasted form, his eyes two dull sparks in a face the hue of dusty parchment. He lay there, waiting for his body to catch up with his racing memory.

"Under that glaring Egyptian sun, superstition seemed silly," he resumed his halting feeble speech. "Once we were inside the tomb, we forgot all in our feverish excitement. In excavating, we had found excavations which assured us it was a prince's tomb. When we caught sight of the black basalt sarcophagus, with its inscriptions, we went mad with the lust of discovery. Forgotten were the dire words of the curse inscribed at the entrance to the tomb. Myerbach, Carson, and I---three scientists crazed with the thought of fame resulting from such an archaeological discovery. The portrait statues, more than a dozen of them, which were in the vault; the relics, inscriptions---all were food for endless research. Myerbach, Carson and I would be known and envied wherever scientists gathered."

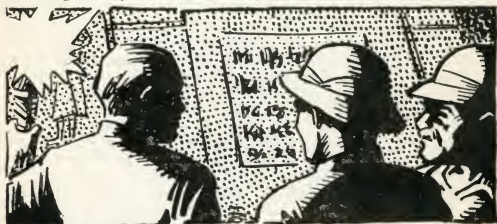
The sustained effort of his narrative overpowered him. His eyelids dropped; he lay motionless while his mind projected scenes of the past with the clarity and vividness of a motion picture machine. A big-boned frame of a once rugged man, Nevins lay as placid as a hulk cast high in a quiet cove. Presently he spoke again---so enfeebled now that his eyes remained closed and his words were a low drone.

"Ka was the word the Egyptians used. It meant the physical appearance of a person. Their belief that a person was divided into four parts at death caused them to preserve the body as a mummy. Body, soul, mind, and ka, the identity, to be reunited in eternity. The mind wandered all space in luminous form and guarded ka, the identity. To lose the identity meant doom beyond all eternity. The portrait statues were to help preserve ka. The sarcophagus, the mummy case, the hundreds of feet of the finest linen bandage were all meant to preserve ka; to keep a tenement ready for the soul when eternity came. We three scientists were three destroyers; we barred a soul from even eternity.

"We shipped the portrait statues to several museums. The furniture and

and other fittings of the tomb were divided and scattered over the world. From the sarcophagus we took the mummy, inside its case, and brought it back to New York.

"The journey and the change of atmosphere worked its effects on the mummy. At first the change was unnoticeable; but slowly a difference became apparent in the dried flesh. Gradually the body became flaccid, and the directors of the museum desperately strove to preserve it; but no means that they could find or invent would stem the relentless transformation. Finally, to save face, a plaster cast was made of the mummy, and with skillful workmanship its hue and appearance were carefully simulated. The imitation replaced the mummy in its case, and the true one was quietly buried. The museum officials and we three, the scoffing scientists, alone knew that the identity of the mummy was lost for all eternity. And the inscribed curse had said, 'Whoever shall violate this tomb the gods will punish. On him who causes the loss of identity shall Set, the



Evil God, wreak vengeance."

A trace of resignation showed on Nevins' gaunt face as he lay there, hoarding his waning energy to bring his macabre story to a finish. A muffled creak, as his son shifted his weight in his chair; stillness fell on the darkened room again.

A flush mounted on his features, dimly outlined against the pillow, and his breath quickened.

"Even then we thought the curse a mere superstition, and while we never spoke of it among ourselves, we placed no credence in it. Carson was the first to go. He was with an expedition in the South American jungles. They were looking for traces of the old Mayan civilization. One day he was suddenly stricken. He lingered for days, wasting away. The press carried some stories gathered from natives, of a cursed jungle. They explained the safety of others in the party by terming Carson's death a warning. The doctors, in press interviews, laid Carson's death to a little known type of fever. They didn't explain the safety of the rest of the expedition. Myerbach and I quietly searched out a member of the expedition on his return. He told us that Carson had just weakened and wasted away. No symptoms of a fever. Medicine seemed to do him no good. Finally he died, just skin and bones.

"Myerbach and I left with grave faces. We still didn't believe the curse, but doubt had worked its way into our minds. The last time I saw Myerbach, his forehead wore the perpetual frown of a man who has a constant worry at the back of his mind. It was the day I saw him aboard a boat

sailing to Iceland---an expedition in search of the early Norse settlements on this continent. He gripped my hand harder than usual in farewell, and turning abruptly, almost ran up the gangplank. A month later the correspondents with the expedition wrote of Myerbach, a man lying weak and exhausted. Wasting, flesh and health disappearing. Myerbach, the strongest of us three, lying there wasting away!

"Care and medical aid were having no effect. In the newspaper offices, brilliant feature writers went to the files for his past exploits. After his death the Sunday editions carried stories of the Pharaohs' curses; they retold the story of the expedition to Egypt. From the files came the story of Carson's death in the jungle, with his part in the Egyptian excavations accented.

"Of course, I was not neglected; my doom was predicted on my next expedition. The editorial columns were filled with talk of silly superstitions, myths, coincidence. Editors cited the numerous fallacies that had been disproved by the cold light of science. How often I read and reread these editorials, striving to believe them! After all, I was a scientist; why should I put any stock in the beliefs of an old and extinct religion? To be doubly sure I retired from active field work, satisfied to rest on my laurels."

Nevins' voice dropped to a sibilant whisper. "It has been no use. You have tried to cheer me and talked as if I would soon be about again. I know; I have been wasting away. Just skin and bones . . . like Carson and poor Myerbach. We were wrong. . . . Three scoffing scientists. . . . We know now. A people may be ancient and extinct, but none can tamper with their faith and escape. I'm ready to go now. . . . We three will be together again. . . . Just we-----"

CENTENARIAN SCIENTIST DIES

Aged Archaeologist
Passes On

Bayside, L. I., July 14 (AP) - Clayton Nevins, noted explorer and archaeologist, died quietly at his home here this afternoon. Mr. Nevins, who recently passed his 102nd birthday, retained all his faculties to a remarkable degree. He was stricken about a fortnight ago and had since been confined to his bed. He will long be remembered for his exploration and excavations among the Egyptian tombs in the valley of the Nile. The family physician stated tonight that his illness and death were due to advanced age.

Please Patronize Those Who Advertise in the Correspondent

The Rood and the Vampire

By

J. Francis Hatch

Wings of Ecstasy.

"We stood with arms entwined, while all about
The fallow moon caressed us as it gleamed;
And near at hand the woodland murmurs seemed
To whisper softly, to dispel all doubt.
Her eyes were mellow pools of violet fire,
Mysterious, compelling, and I knew,
Were dancing with, nor striving to subdue,
The searing flame of rapturous desire.

"Then, as I held her close in sacred bliss,
The crucifix I wore beneath my vest
Became unclasped, and as I pressed a kiss
Upon her lips it pierced her tender breast."
(Seemed, then, that he heard cosmic thunder roll,
And ghouls of Hell demolishing his soul.)

Execrating Revelation.

"I stared, then shrieked at that within my arms;
There—*pressed against my bosom and my lips!*—
A corpse that crumbled 'neath my finger's tips—
A corpe that once had been Anita's charms!
The eyeless skull, the tender breast, the all,
Was a thing of dead, dead, *mucid flesh and mold,*
Like a carcass that has lain upon the wold
In sun and rain, through summer's heat and fall.

"The lips that I had kissed were mucored skin.
The tender body that I had embraced
Was foul of fume. And there was left a sin
Upon my soul that ne'er can be erased."
(The night winds and the shadows paused to gloat
As they saw the Vampire's mark upon his throat.)

Disbelievers Ever

(Dedicated to the late H. P. Lovecraft)

By

R. W. Sherman

HOW IRONIC is the attitude of humans towards genius of any kind! Subjected to the ridicule and whims of narrow-minded people, the great inevitably go to their death long before the time appointed. Whether directly or indirectly, public sentiment will always play an important part in the life of any man---especially in the lives of those who openly and without recourse to hypocrisy present their unorthodox themes to skeptical eyes.

Such a man was the late H. P. Lovecraft. Throughout the course of his entire literary career he found himself wedged between two factions---a group of enthusiastic followers who worshipped his very name, and a clique of vehement scoffers who seemed to achieve delight in the berating of this master. Which one was the more irritating remains a moot question. His admirers, spurred on by his kindly, intelligent aid in their own endeavors, succeeded only in unearthing further troubles to place upon his already bowed shoulders; while his critics reeled blast upon blast of biting criticism of his works across the editorial desk.

Always strife. Always trouble and hardship. And suddenly, with serpentine swiftness, death intervenes.

For a while there is a stunned silence, a cessation of activities. Lovecraft's followers are stricken by the appalling suddenness of the disaster; in the minds of his critics there is great mental conflict regarding the advisability of continuing on their past course. Unwillingly, forced by their consternation, they once again peruse the works they had so bitterly condemned. And, fighting through wave after wave of weakening resistance, the seed of the genius of the man takes root in their minds. They read further with greater concentration, and the seed begins to sprout. In a flash, the implanted idea has grown to maturity, and they are overcome by many bewildering emotions.

They arise, shaken in soul. In a moment their course, as they see it, is set. In a vain endeavor to cover up their blind criticism, they glibly sing his praises and raise fantastic monuments to his greatness. Too late they have seen the light; and the thought most appropriate for their behavior lies in the last lines of Felix Kowalewski's poem, *Death of the Artist*:

*"O Muse of Art, what bitter irony!
Alive they hound, but dead they worship me!
'Tis my poor name floats up in cadenced song!"*

WHAT EVERY YOUNG GHOUL SHOULD KNOW

by *Professor Robert Bloch-head*

Former Tutor to the
President of the United Cigar Stores



THE PROFESSOR

ON MARCH 12th, F. Orlin Tremendous disappeared. He was the editor of *Flabby Stories*, so it might have been for the best. Still, it was strange. The following morning marked the unaccountable vanishing of Leo Margulouse, editor of *Monstrous Yarns*, and Hugo

Tahellenback, pilot of *Asinine Tales*. Immediately the fantasy world became greatly excited, although it must be admitted that nobody else gave a particular damn.

When, on March 14th, several others editors disappeared, the world was agog. Farnsworth Wrong, editor of *Worried Tales*, and Mort Weisenheimer, of the staff of *Awful* and *Putrid*, were both missing. Even Corwin F. Stinky, infant editor of the fan magazine, *The Chorus-pondent* (now combined with *Pleurisy*), had vanished. To make a long story worse, and all seriousness aside, every fantasy editor in the country was gone. They were not at home, nor at the office, nor in a turkish bath. Searchers turned away from the morgue, disappointed. It was a nine-days'-wonder in the world of pulp magazines. Then new editors were appointed for the fantasy books by a group of competent alienists, and the old were gradually and gratefully forgotten.

But meanwhile the six errant editors were still alive and---like all editors---kicking. But where were they? Guess. No---that's wrong; and besides, it isn't nice. Guess again. No. Give up? I thought so, you dumb cluck.

They were on the moon.

How did they get there? I sent them there. Yes, I. Heh heh heh heh! As I write these lines I am gloating. Burp! Hm-m-m. Maybe I'm bloating. Anyhow, I sent them.

My motive? Revenge. The month before, I submitted a story to Farnsworth Wrong entitled *A Journey to the Moon by Canoe and Whiffleboard*. He rejected it as impossible. Mr. Stinky even had the nerve to declare that "a trip to the moon is impossible and you know it." Such crust---and in science-fiction, too! When I received my last rejection slip I saw red. It was a blue slip, so I went to the oculist. He prescribed glasses. So I went into a tavern and had several. It was there that my idea was born.

I would get revenge! A trip to the moon impossible, eh? And they rejected my masterpiece---my fifty-three word story, over which I had sweated so many months! . . . It's about time you took a bath, Bloch-head. . . . Who said that? . . . The money from my story was going to send me through Harvard! I guess I went mad, for---I kidnapped the editors.

Wrong was the first. I caught him with a butterfly net. Then I sprinkled salt on the tails of Margulouse and Tahellenback. Under the name of Albert

Einstein I was admitted to see Corwin Stinky. He thought I was a fan of his. I was, fanning him with a club. And the rest were just as easy. Bundling the six unconscious editors into my car, I drove back to Milwaukee. Here, in my basement, lay the rocket ship.

Perhaps those of you who are interested in the more technical scientific details of space-flight will be interested in how I constructed this great machine. (Two "interested"s in the same sentence sound bad, I know. But I couldn't think of a synonym for "interested", and Clark Ashton Smith has my dictionary.) For your benefit, the procedure was as follows. I got together a lot of stuff and tore it apart with some tools. Then I built a sort of thing with wheels on the side, and stuck a mess of wires someplace so that the whatchamacallit wouldn't you-know when I pushed too hard on the jiggers. After that I constructed something very much like an airplane, only instead of wings I had several mechanisms instead of the wheels I would have used if I were only building a pair of roller-skates. Then, of course, all I had to do was to put in my levers, adjust my dials, and change my oil every two thousand miles (It rhymes, don't it?). I also see my dentist twice a year. Anyhow, that's how I built the rocket. I did a pretty good job of it, if I do say so myself---and I'm the only one who *will* say so.

And there it was---(affectionate sigh) my rocket. Operated by atomic generators, electricity, gas, maid-service and towels free of charge, it was ready to leave.

Cleverly I placed my six helpless passengers in the "space-ship", as I brilliantly call it. The nose of the great rocket zoomed upwards and disappeared. Right through the first and second stories of the house, leaving quite a nasty hole. Even today we have to walk around it in our living-room. But the rocket was gone. Through a telescope I "borrowed" I followed its flight, saw it land on the moon's surface.

Eagerly I sat at my radio set, which I'd "borrowed", for the next three days. It was attached by a special hook-up to the sending-set in the cabin of the rocket. Would I hear anything? Finally, one night, it came.

"Hey!" said a voice. "Now loo't heah, Amos----" I turned the dials to another place.

"Hey, therel" it came again. Ah, it was the voice of Leo Margulouse. "Is that you, Bloch---you rat? This is us, on the moon."

I chuckled, twirling my mousetrash---er, mustache. I anticipated his next words---how they were starving up there on that desolate orb; lonely, bewildered, frightened; six sad editors face to face with the terrifying reality of lunar solitude. The voice spoke.

"See here, Bloch. We've been talking to the natives, and I want to thank you for what you did by sending us here. Next month we're bringing out the first issue of *Colossal Stories*, featuring thought-variants under a new policy. Freddie Tremendous is starting a series called *Is There Life on the Earth?* and



I'm doing a column on *Man's Brain, If Any*.

"You'd love it up here, boy. The natives are all great science-fiction fans. They have six heads, you know; that means they can read six fantasy magazines at once. What a field! Tahellenback and Stinky are having great fun jumping into bottomless craters and coming out on the other side of the moon. Don't worry about us; we'll try to send you down our first issue. Goo'bye, now."

The radio voice was silent. I sat aghast. I'm always a little aghast after meals. A fine revenge *this* turned out to be! I send them to the moon and they immediately start science-fiction magazines up there! It just ghost to show how unco-operative some people will be.

So I have decided to confess. It does not matter any more. I caused their disappearance. Let the police come now. They cannot find me. No! They cannot find me!

You see, I'm not really here. And besides, I hung myself twenty minutes ago.

The Wrath of Zeus

Vivid Description

By

Sidney L. Birchby

TERRIFYING in its suddenness, the rain came pelting down in great, leaden drops. The wild life of the forest, settling down for the coming night, shivered with instinctive fear; many would be the lives imperiled by rising waters and crashing boughs before this night was over and the storm had spent itself. Secreted burrows would be transformed into death-traps, flooding streams washing them out. Terror-stricken rabbits next morning would find their most favoured grass-patches lashed and trampled, and soiled with dirt and mud. Starvation would face them.

Boom-m-m!

Sonorously rolled the yet-distant thunder, a mutter of sound amid the patter and hiss of swiftly falling drops; and those tardy ones who had lagged behind quickened their rush for shelter.

And now the blue-blackness of the actual night mingled with that more ominous tint of steel-gray, which had filled the sunset heavens so rapidly. Lightning's jagged branches played over the horizon, stabbed into the hills, etching out summits for a brief minute.

Peal upon peal of ear-wrenching sound crashed wildly in the woods. Such gay woods they had been just a few hours before that one would have thought their gaiety eternal; but now, under the storm's fury, they were cowering, beaten woods, full of woe and pain. Each tree was a sodden thing running with rainwater, standing about glades which were empty holes of watery desolation in the bulking mass of the forest.

Kaleidoskopic scenes stood out as the garish light flickered overhead---some leaves whirling in a mad eddy where tossing streams swept; a branch rending from the parent stem, creak of breaking lost in the greater noise.

A rabbit, transfixed with fright, crouched pitifully against a tree-bole. Heedless of the rising stream below it, its eyes darted about at every flash in an effort to find its young ones.

Then the bank crumbled noiselessly and vanished. The soaked ground gave a sudden lurch, cracks spreading rapidly over its surface. Clouds of steam filled the air as teeming rain met the hot fires of the underworld. Rabbits, foxes, birds---all those tiny things which lay trembling in the forest depths---rushed headlong into the storm, while behind them age-old trees shook, swayed, and fell to the heaving ground.

The solemn, blue-eyed men sheltered in the towers of their cities broke into frantic mobs as their buildings tottered around them. Silently, they perished. Yet another earthquake, and the thunder echoed with a deep organ-note about a crashing terrain.

Forests, meadows, lakes, with an interlacing of littered masonry, mixed in horrible confusion as the very surface-crust flowed. Chasms widened, and the glowing hell that was revealed became instantly veiled in scalding vapour. The rain still fell.

Zeus above! The mountains were falling, subsiding. And the sea---the sea swept in upon a defenceless land, a titanic, rolling, gray wall of water, white at the billowing crests with creaming foam! It moved on irresistibly, engulfing towns and trees and earth---on---and on----

The men had gone---that noble race, the flower of the world, of whom even the memory was soon to be lost. Gone they were, and with them all the other living things that had made their country so fruitful.

The roars of the dying land were smothered---faded to silence; and there was only the sound of the raging storm and the falling rain---falling over a tossing, landless expanse of water. For this had been Atlantis; and was no more.



A STINGY MAN

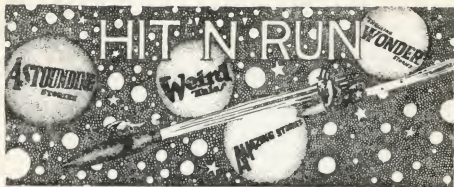
A man was too stingy to subscribe to the *Amateur Correspondent*, so he sent his son to borrow a copy from his neighbor.

In his haste, the boy overturned a \$4.00 hive of bees, and he soon resembled a warty squash. His father ran to his aid, and not noticing a barbed-wire fence, ran into it, pulled it down, cut himself, and ruined a \$4.00 pair of trousers.

The cow went through the hole he had made in the fence and killed herself eating corn. The wife, hearing the commotion, ran out; and in doing so, stumbled over a churn of cream, which overturned upon a basket of kittens, killing them all. The baby, left alone, crawled through the cream into the parlor, ruining a \$24.00 carpet. The dog broke up eleven setting hens. The eldest daughter ran away with the hired man; and the calf got out and ate the tails off four shirts on the line.

And all this because the man did not have his own copy of the *Amateur Correspondent* and tried to borrow one.

MORAL: *Don't be stingy; send in your subscription now. . . . ! ! ! !*



In this department are found interesting comments and criticisms, representative of how the Correspondent is received by its readers. Though we cannot undertake to print all the letters we get, because of their very number, we cordially invite you to send in your opinions, be they in the form of praise or just good old "knock-'em-down-drag-'em-out" brickbats. Each letter will be given our most careful and conscientious consideration, and we shall answer personally those offering most helpful suggestions and criticisms. Let's hear from you!

Encouragement *plus* comes from Seabury Quinn, well-known writer from the wilds of Brooklyn, N. Y. He writes: "Just received the May-June issue of the revamped, enlarged and improved A-C. . . Very good. Ver-ry good, indeed. . . My compliments, in particular, to Robert Ennis for his Jest of Tianne. Nicely done, s'welp me. . . Good luck!" Oh, and we almost forgot---Mr. Quinn includes a somewhat enigmatic postscript, which reads: "Damned if Virgil's picture of HPL didn't *look* like him, despite the Thomas Jefferson disguise!"

* * *

From Richard Wilson, Jr., of Richmond Hill, N. Y., comes the following vigorous brickbat. Mr. Wilson's decidedly uncomplimentary remarks well-nigh broke the editorial heart; and for our reply, which we believe successfully refutes his charges, we refer you to our editorial message for this month. Says our critic: "As a fantasy fan, I disapprove of your change of title, your addition of Hobbyana, and all that mail-order advertising trash. It's getting so that your fiction and non-fiction, together, are receiving less space than formerly, and from the looks of things, will soon have less room in the Correspondent than the numerous ads which clutter it up. The Correspondent, with the last two issues, has dropped considerably in my estimation; I now regard it as absolutely the worst of all science fiction fan magazines. . . Harsh words, perhaps, but you asked for 'em!'"

* * *

Robert A. Madle, of Philadelphia, Pa., sends criticisms which are, on the whole, complimentary. In a manner which implies that he is quite satisfied with the magazine, he writes: "The Amateur Correspondent arrived this morning, and I can heartily say that it is far superior to any other fan publication now being issued. The new format is very attractive; please retain it. Finlay's cover ranks among the best of his illustrations in *Weird Tales*; and his interior design for 'Hit

'N' Run' is also well done. However, I cannot see what the drawing has to do with the contents of the column. Lovecraft's article on writing the weird tale was without a doubt the best thing in the issue. By all means continue this series of articles! Although I have no interest in stamp or coin collecting, I'll be able to endure such columns as long as you don't subordinate fantasy fiction for them."

* * *

Constructive and concise criticism is contained in this communication from Richard Frank, of Millheim, Pennsylvania: "Enclosed please find 25c for which send me the Correspondent for one year and one copy of the volume of poetry by H. P. Lovecraft as per your advertisement. . . . As a science-fiction fan and ex-Fantasy Magazine reader I notice the lack of gossip columns and news articles. Also, there is a lack of fantasy element. . . . Your make-up is fine---the best I've ever seen in a "fan" magazine. The articles by Price and Lovecraft were outstanding. And the Finlay cover was his best drawing to date."

* * *

Here are some excerpts from a lengthy and critical letter of Thos. S. Gardner, of Kingsport, Tennessee: "I have received the May-June issue of the Amateur Correspondent and have examined it carefully. . . . The magazine is well put up and on excellent paper. However, the price is too low. Better raise it to fifty cents a year and be more sure of its continuance. In spite of its well-thought-out make-up---it is not really a magazine yet nor does it touch the old Fantasy. What you need is the same kind of line up in departments that were the most interesting features of Fantasy. I regret the passing of the name Fantasy and miss the old names who headed the columns. The two articles concerning Lovecraft were good, also the little story of Ennis. Ennis shows excellent imagination here. The verse of Conover is a fitting tribute to those writers who have died in the last few years. The departments are weak, and Hobbyana a waste of space due to the fact that magazines are devoted to hobbies of various sorts, and what is wanted is a fan magazine. . . . This is a start---build the magazine into something. Get departments, writers, contributors. In spite of not paying anything for copy---as is usual for fan magazines---you can get many contributions from writers gratis---*only* if they have confidence in you. . . . Go on and make a real magazine. We will support you if you can show us that our support is deserved."

* * *

Writes C. L. Moore from Indianapolis, Indiana, briefly, but encouragingly: "Your current issue is your best to date, I think, though each one has shown steady improvement over the last. Finlay's drawing is supremely fine."

* * *

R. D. Swisher, of Winchester, Mass., writes a letter which serves to bring home very strongly, in comparison with Miss Moore's note, the fact that it is quite impossible to please everyone, especially with that puzzling quantity, a magazine. He says: "Enclosed is 25c for another year's subscription in order to obtain the H. P. Lovecraft poetry mentioned in your fourth issue. . . . I agree perfectly with Mr. Benson's views on your change of policy. The magazine is most uninteresting in its third and fourth issues, although the first two were excellent. Don't you think you could squeeze in a little science-fiction between

the weird stuff and---gods!---stamp collecting?"

* * *

Joseph C. Kempe, of De Soto, Missouri, contributes this short but analytical comment: "I just received the May-June issue of your magazine, and must say that it is indeed a splendid little publication. It supplies an important 'big-mag' element which has become atrophied in the amateur race."

* * *

It is indeed warming to the editorial heart---and contrary to whatever notions some of you may have, we *do* have a heart---to read a letter such as the following by Norman O'Connor, of Montpelier, Vermont. He writes, with an enthusiasm we are certain he is going to be ashamed of when he sees this in print: "Your introductory copy of the Amateur Correspondent was received and read with eagerness. I found it to be all that the editorial promised it to be. The short story was of high quality and carried a supreme note of that air of fear and horror and was surrounded by that inexpressible quality of beauty, enhanced by a pervading air of mystery, that was so much loved by the late Lovecraft. As I concluded perusing the publication my eye was caught by the offer which stood out on the back cover. Imagine, a fine volume of poetry in addition to a year's subscription to the Correspondent for the mere sum of twenty-five cents! After reading this offer, my mind was made up. Such an offer would surely uproot the most critical reader from his seat of cynicism. To sum it all up, I am enclosing my twenty-five cents, for which please send me the volume of poetry by Lovecraft and also a subscription to the Correspondent."

* * *

From Joe Hatch, of Lawrence, Kansas, come the following comprehensive criticisms: "The new format is

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When Answering Ads Please Mention the Correspondent

quite pleasing. . . . Beloved HPL's 'Notes on Writing Weird Fiction' contained more usable material than a dozen courses covering the writing field. Anyone using the formula in conjunction with an average writing ability should attain some degree of success if he gives conscientious application of self to what HPL has so liberally imparted. . . . Thus, my only suggestion to Robert F. Ennis is to study carefully the article preceding his fine story--fine in the intrinsic sense, but needing a little polishing to make it outstanding."

* * *

We were much encouraged by the following letter from Joan Reynolds, of Detroit, Michigan: "The May-June number of your magazine is absolutely the best issue of any fan publication I've ever read. All the items are far above the average, and your variety is excellent. Keep Hobbyana, which is very well-written for a stamp-coin department, and enlarge Hit 'N' Run. I like the idea of helping amateur writers, and as soon as I find time I shall submit something."

* * *

William C. Peters, of Oxford, Ohio, writes this interesting bit: "With this letter I am enclosing a story for use in the Correspondent. This happens to be my first stab at this type of writing; so if you cannot use the story, and if it will not be too much trouble, please tell me briefly its principal error. . . . I have just received the May-June Correspondent and I am overjoyed with it. Virgil Finlay's cover illustration is superb. The magazine looks truly professional instead of amateur." (We shall print Mr. Peters' fine short story, "Sniper", in the near future. --Ed.)

* * *

We were very glad to receive the following friendly letter from Norman F. Stanley, of Rockland, Me.: "Many thanks for the copy of the Correspond-

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ent which you sent me recently. I read it with great interest; it was my first contact with a 'fan magazine', so-called ---and, yea and verily, 'twas good! So herewith my 'two bits', and please keep it coming. . . . A word as to the contents of the May-June issue: The short sketch of Howard Phillips Lovecraft was easily the best feature therein. I hope to see more articles of this nature in future issues. One criticism, though: Why Hobbyana? It seems out of place in a magazine of this sort."

* * *

Claire P. Beck, of Lakeport, Calif., comments on the magazine in general, and also includes the following remarks, which we think will interest our readers: "Clark Ashton Smith, of Auburn, Calif., has devoted a great deal of his time to the creation of weird sculptures and carvings, from numerous varieties of mineral and rock. Recently, it was announced that replicas in plaster, hand-painted and varnished, had been made of a number of his highly fantastic creations. Particulars can probably be obtained from him. The pieces sell for a few cents each."

* * *

Paul Morton, of Los Angeles, Calif., seems well contented with the magazine. He writes: "Though I've read only one issue of your magazine, that for May-June, I think it one of the best I've ever seen. Your format is flawless and distinguished. While you publish a magazine that features fantasy, you are pleasingly conservative, one of the best touches being Hobbyana. . . . In your

latest issue I believe I prefer Price's little sketch above everything else. I eagerly anticipate your next issue."

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I WILL give one six-issue Correspondent subscription with each yearly subscription at following prices: Weird, \$2.50---Astounding, \$2.00---Amazing, \$1.50. Foreign postage extra. Have assortment of science fiction and weird booklets selling at 10c - 25c. Squires, 1745 Kenneth, Glendale, Calif.

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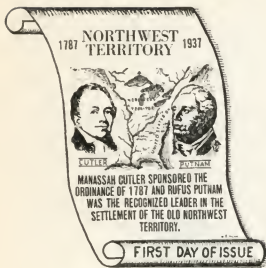
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Hobbyanna



Your reaction to this department was surprisingly favorable, and it has become in our eyes a most successful experiment. We hope that the more ardent hobbyists among you will be sufficiently interested to write to our contributors, either in care of this magazine or to their personal addresses. Your letters will be highly appreciated, and will help them greatly in the preparation of their articles.

FIRST DAY COVERS

By

J. C. Sidenius

East Rutherford, N. J.

THERE HAS BEEN insufficient reaction to my previous article on this branch of philately to know what you consider of most interest, so I shall ramble on covers in general.

Of the more recent stamps to be issued are those commemorating the birth of the first white child born in this country. Her name was Virginia Dare and since there was no authentic record of her features no suitable reproduction could be made on the stamp.

I wonder how many readers are familiar with the history of this famous child, who has been so highly honored by the issuance of this five cent stamp. I mention this because you cannot realize the full benefit of this hobby without consulting the histories of the central figures of each stamp (which are available in any private or public library and which would consume too much space to enumerate here).

Prior to the Virginia Dare stamp, there was placed on sale at Mariette, Ohio, and New York City, on July 13th, a 3c stamp commemorating the Northwest Territory. New York was selected as one of the official First Day Cities by virtue of having been the capitol of the U. S. at that time. Again you will find with little effort what present States then constituted the Northwest Territory and what part was taken by Rufus Putnam and Manassah Cutler, who were

portrayed on the stamp with a map of the Territory. With this issue the postal cancellation used the words "First Day of Issue" in the killer bars on those covers which were cancelled by machine.

When some city has been honored with the sale of some issue on the First Day it is the policy of the department to send prominent postal officials and other employees of the service to assist in the proper cancellation of the covers which are to receive the new stamps. Mr. Charles Anderson who was responsible for the proper cancelling of the mail at Little America, supervises and operates the cancellation machines at all offices. I have met him at many cities, when I have serviced covers. At West Point, when the 5c Army stamp was released, there was not sufficient room in the post office, so a special room was set aside just for cancelling the many covers that were prepared with the new stamp. Splendid accommodations were provided for the many dealers who sat all day placing the new stamps on covers at long tables in the court of the Administration building.

As the 5c Navy stamp was also placed on sale the same day at Annapolis, Md., a combination of both on one cover could only be obtained by chartering a plane to bring the stamps from West Point to Washington and Annapolis. I do not have any available figures on the amount of covers serviced with a combination of each from Annapolis, but I do know there were less than 3,000 from Washington, D. C. and only 700 from West Point. One of these covers from West Point sold for \$2.40 at auction last month, which shows the interest in something out of the ordinary.

The usual charge for First Day Covers is 7c over face value of the stamp, when ordered in advance, and most collectors send a deposit of one dollar or more in advance so they will be assured of not missing any of the issues that may arrive on very short notice. Most reputable dealers will notify you when your account is low. The cachets provided on most covers vary among dealers according to their artistic temperament and design, but they usually are consistent on some features that make them of particular interest.

If you mention Amateur Correspondent, I will send you a sample of some recent First Day Covers for 10c each, which will give you a better idea than written words of this interesting hobby.



Brother, can you spare a dime? I'd like to get that one for my collection.



THOSE STAMPS AND COINS

By

Jack E. Fry

FRIENDS, ROMANS, COLLECTORS! No, I'll not ask you to lend me your ears; but I would like a word or two of comment from you fans. Also, I'd appreciate hearing from you who don't collect---whether you're a prospect or not! While I'm on the subject, get out your pencils and take a note. My new address is: P. O. Box 151, Denver, Colorado. Don't forget, I'll now expect my box to be crammed with letters! And, to those sending a *stamped, self-addressed envelope, plus 25c for a subscription to the Amateur Correspondent*, I'll send a foreign coin or unused foreign stamp! If that offer doesn't get a rise out of some of you skeptics or timid souls, why . . . well, we'll have to depend on our Social Security incomes! Seriously, though, let me hear from you, pro or con. And the above offer is limited, so hurry.

As these articles are principally for the beginner or those contemplating a collection of some kind, I hope I am making "Those Stamps and Coins" easy enough for their consumption. How about it, those whom the shoe fits---am I holding your interest?

I shall dwell mostly on stamps, this time. If you are thinking of starting a collection, perhaps the best way is to buy a packet of five hundred or a thousand stamps; however, many persons start their collections by merely saving all foreign and odd-looking domestic stamps they can obtain. One must handle many stamps before becoming adept at distinguishing them from one another. Differences in paper, variations in perforation, altered designs or other details are not easy for the beginner to detect---nor is he concerned with such things. The logical place to keep stamps, after obtaining a considerable number, is of course a stamp album. After mounting the first accumulation or purchase, one soon becomes interested in filling the spaces in the album and in completing certain series which prove most fascinating. It is well to discard the poorer stamps---those which are torn, badly cancelled or have initial perforations---and save only those which are in good condition. Some---in fact, most---collectors will not accept straight edges, either; so if you're one who expects to someday sell your collection, you might as well start right and discard these also. Destroy only the perforated and heavily cancelled, however, as some are now saving, and I've even seen ads for, straight edged stamps. In the advertisements you'll note "NO S. E.", so you'll know if you want to buy or not. And be sure to patronize a reliable dealer or the packet you buy might contain stamps which will only confuse you, such as foreign revenue, etc.

You should have a package or two of peelable hinges to mount your stamps properly. To use a hinge in mounting a stamp, proceed as follows: Fold the hinge in half, with the adhesive side out. Moisten one side, and holding the hinge by the dry half, affix it to the stamp at the top center---with the folded edge about one-eighth of an inch from the top edge of the stamp. Then moisten the other half of the hinge, take the stamp by the upper right hand corner,

place it slightly below where it is to be in the album, slightly slide it up to the center of its proper place, and press down firmly. (Now, you "dyed-in-the-wool" collectors, please lay off! I know there must be more and better ways of doing this; but, heck, the fellows and gals have to learn somehow!)

Stamp tongs are not essential, but considering their nominal cost and the convenience of having them, they are well worth owning; also, one might otherwise ruin the more valuable stamps by trying to handle them with the fingers. The reason for this is that one's fingers become warm and discolor or soil the stamps. Then, too, you may bend or tear the perforations on the edges. I say "on the edges", for I previously mentioned perforations in the shape of initials in the stamp itself.

Start with a fairly large album---but not too large. An enormous album might soon discourage the beginner, because even after mounting thousands of stamps, it appears practically empty. Too small an album also has its "faults", so to speak. It soon becomes full or bulging; then, the task of removing and remounting the stamps in another and larger album is at hand. Loose-leaf albums are of course better in many respects. And one need not spend much on the cover until a sizable collection has been effected. Nice pages, though, I believe are an investment from the start. They may be purchased either with names of countries already printed on them, with the space blank for you to add the names of the countries, or, as is popular with many collectors, with a border and a faint quadrille background.

Well, fellows, my space is used up for this time---so I'll be seeing you next issue.

Tel. Nu-2-3281

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magazine

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Have copy of newspaper, "Newark Advertiser", for April 23, 1898, with headlines, "McKinley Calls for 125,000 Men". Also copy of "New York Journal" for April 26, 1898, headlines, "Dewey Preparing for Naval Battle at Manila". Both copies are very rare and are in excellent condition. Make offer. F. S. Bogert, 130 William St., Belleville, N. J.

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Have Vol. 1, Nos. 1, 2, 3, Science-Fantasy Correspondent. \$1.50 per set--only five sets left. Frank S. Bogert, 130 William St., Belleville, New Jersey.

ATTENTION

Amateur Writers

Can You Write a Story Around This Month's Cover?

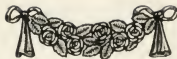
Artist Burton C. Blanchard recently submitted to us a drawing that we thought very fine, but which, unfortunately, had no connection with any story in our files, nor, so far as we know, with any ever written. But the drawing was so good, we decided that we just had to use it somehow; and after much editorial cogitation, we hit upon the idea of using it on this month's cover by way of challenging the imaginations of some of you would-be authors with the request that you try to write a short story around the decidedly thought-provoking scene Mr. Blanchard has drawn. As we see things, we are encouraging the talents of those among you who think you have the stuff that makes writers. In fact, the more we think of it, the more we like the idea.

Many of you would feel well repaid for your efforts by the mere prospect of seeing your story in print; but we realize that there must be an added inducement for some, who are---alas!--not quite so blessed with the literary spirit, pure and simple. Therefore, in an effort to get all of you to try your hand in this contest, we are offering to the writer of the best story a copy of Slater La Master's well-known novel, *The Phantom in the Rainbow*, in book-form and in excellent condition. The writer of the story adjudged second best will receive a two-year subscription to the *Correspondent*---if that may be considered an inducement.

There are but three restrictions---the story must be fantastic in nature; it must not exceed 1500 words in length; and, most important, only stories by *amateur* writers will be considered. The closing date of this contest is October 30, 1937, and all manuscripts must be in our hands by that time. We cannot, of course, undertake to return stories which do not have sufficient postage attached.

We shall select the two stories which we consider best, and the first prize-winning story will appear in our seventh issue, the other to follow in our eighth. If you are really sincere in your efforts to improve your writing ability, we are confident that you will enter this little contest. Mail all manuscripts to:

AMATEUR CORRESPONDENT
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Belleville, New Jersey



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